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What'd I Do

Bill Tilman

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You agree
No, angry me
Go ahead
Point your finger
To my empty index
I'm pissed at you, too
stepping on these toes
of mine, now
it isn't at all fair
with your over-sized grind,
Why don't you look
Where I'm going
At my way and mend
The wound so deep
With your crossed arm cynicism
Make up your god's mind
open the blind palms
that never touch the light;
you only grit and shove
show so brightly
irascible teeth of drudgery
LEAVE ME OUT OF IT, PLEASE.

What'd I Do

Bill Tilman

Poetry

Extra